

4

M Y W I F E.

L O N D O N,
Printed for R. Marriot, in St. Dunstons ;
Church-yard, Fleet-Street,
1 6 6 0.

Tis r
I

T

to b

the

liv

ben

the

the

all

ve

by

ba

M

To the Reader.

It is not fit a little book should have a large Epistle, and therefore briefly this:

THe Author fancied this Wife at a seasonable time to be married; which was, about the thirtieth year of his Age; he liv'd almost as long married to her, and dyed married to no other. She has now been more then twenty yeares his widow; all which time, she has been kept very faithfully, and as privately by a true friend of her Husbands; and she having been a Mourner so long, has been persuaded

A 2

swaded by him to unvale her
self and appear in the light, that
she may become a Coppy for the
best wives to write after.

And now each Reader that
thinks fit may Court her, and by a
strict Civility get so much of her
favour as to know her well; and
by that knowledg have the ad-
vantage of getting a Wife, as
like her as his merits or his for-
tune (who has usually the grea-
test share in getting wives and
riches) will allow him, but let
him not flatter himself with a
false hope of obtaining her, for
she

er he has protested to dye John
Coopers widow

e And yet, if she should prove
every a woman as to change her
name, let me beg that though
he break her promise, yet he
use her kindly for her first
husbands sake, who was both
Patient, and Humble, and Lear-
ned, and remarkably Charita-
ble; and indeed, a man of more
visible vertues, then a short E-
pistle may enumerate.

And if the Reader shall doubt
the justnesse of this Commenda-
tion, and require, a double wit-

A₂ nesse

ness for it, the Lady Dyot (for
whose direction the Author crea-
ted this Wife) will say she knows
it to be truth, and I know she and
I do both love his memory.

J. W.

MY

(1)



M Y V V I F E.

I.

I Have past my maddest age,
Free from *Cupid's* foolish rage,
Free from sighings, free from teares,
Free from hopes, and free from fears:
And yet I'll wed, if I can see
A Mistress that is meet for me.

II.

First, I wo'd have her person such,
As deformity cannot touch;
Be she black, or brown, or fair,
Of Complexion, hae, or haire;
If my Mistress comy be,
She'll prove fair enough for me.

III.

Courtly carriage in these dayes
Is but a suspicious pause :

For my part I care not for't,

Nature is not made at Court:

Let a grave and vertuous Mother
Be my Wives Court, and no other.

IV.

Wealth I wish she may have more
Then to keep her from being poor ;

That she need not love for need,

Nor I wealth her love to feed :

If in mind or means she be

Rich, she's rich enough for me.

V.

To be born of noble bloud,

Isto her that's good a good :

But to me it is no more

Then time past, or untry'd *Ore* :

Be she good, how ere she be

Born, she's nobly born to me.

VI.

True Religion will make
 Any good for her own sake ;
 But, let vertue be the Teacher
 Of my Wife, before the Preacher ;
 She's good that wo'd use me well,
 Were there neither Heaven nor Hell.

VII.

Who for beauty takes a Wife,
 Chooseth by the sheath the knife;
 And, who takes her for Estate,
 Or for person, hath ill fate:
 These may perish, or decay
 On, or ere her Wedding day.

VIII.

Wealth is *Fortunes* and not mine,
Person owes decay to time:
Learning, Wit, and such like parts
 Ravish mens, not womens hearts ;
 But a love, by true love bred,
 Gives each night a maiden-head.

IX.

IX.

Wit and Eloquence of tongue,
 Sho'd to me, not her, belong :
 Sober silence in a maid
 Sayes enough when nothing's said ;
 And a Wife when she speaks least,
 And that little well, speaks best.

X.

When I Court her first she shall
 Neither credit nought nor all :
 But, when time my truth has prov'd,
 And she finds she is lov'd,
 Let her then believe, and then
 First begin to love agen.

XI.

Let her next be wise, and know
 Love shall reap as Love shall sow.
 Trying masteries in a Wife,
 Is the scab or bane of life :
 And hath too oft had the fate,
 To destroy a good Estate.

XII.

Children sho'd not be loves end,
 But loves mend : if God them send
 She sho'd love them for no other
 Cause, but for my Wife's their Mother :
 It God send none I should be
 Child to her, and she to me.

XIII.

For man is the ball of fate,
 Toft about from state to state ;
 Therefore God for one chief part
 Give mine *fortitude* of heart,
 That so she may valiant prove ,
 And bear any loss but love.

XIV.

Next I wish that my heart may
 Find her's made of Wax, not Clay :
 That my love may make her's be
 More soft, not more hard to me ;
 She's loves hangman, and his hell
 In whom a proud heart does dwell.

XV.

When the Priest has made us one,
 Flesh of flesh and bone of bone;
 We must Wed our wills together
 And will one in both or neither:
 By her tongue my heart must speak,
 Hers by mine must silence break.

XVI.

Where two hearts be thus indented,
 They live, for they live contented;
 Where they differ, there they die,
 And their Marriage-knot untie:
 They and none but they are Wed,
 Whose hearts lodg both in one Bed.

XVII.

She that knows to spend or spare,
 As times and occasions are,
 Brings a portion, bringing none,
 But, much better bringing one;
 One may well call such a Wife,
 The life of her husbands life.

XVIII.

XVIII.

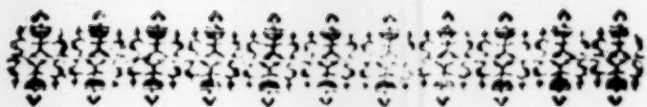
She her husbands state and kic
 Makes her glasse to drefs her by ;
 She a neat and wholsome dyer
 Makes the utmost of her riot ;
 She, like a good Snaile, doth dwell
 Most at home in her own shell.

XIX.

Such a Wife as this, wo'd make
Monkes their Cloysters to forsake,
 Such a Wife wo'd almost vex
Angels that they want a sex ;
 Such a Wife I wish to nurse
 Both my body and my purse.

XX.

Thus i'th' *mine* I de choose my *gold*
 And my Wife cast in a mould;
 Yet, a Womans Son may vary,
 But, I mean if ere I marry,
 Either to have such an one,
 Or a better, which is none.



The Book of Common Prayer.

WHat prayer by the book ? and
Common ?

Yes, why not ?

The Spirit of Grace,
And supplication,
Is not left free alone

For time and place,
But manner too, to read or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him that prays
With's heart, what with his mouth
he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please
In choosing of the waies,
Wherein to make
Their souls most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most reserv'd from other
men. But

But, he that unto others leads the way
 In publick prayer,
 Should choole to do it so
 As all that hear may know
 They need not fear
 To tune their hearts unto his tongue, & say
 Amen; no doubt they were be-
 tray'd
 To blaspheme, when they sho'd
 have pray'd.

Devotion will adde life unto the Letter:
 And, way sho'd not
 That which Authority
 Prescribes, esteemed be
 Advantage got:
 If Prayer be good: the commoner the
 better.
 Prayer in the Churches words, as
 well
 As sense, of all Prayers bears the
 Bell.

Ch. H.

F I N I S,